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HOP-PICKING was always a gala time at Pendexter farm.

Far away, the golden haze hung over the hills like a quivering veil; the bland air was full of the soft, subtle fragrance of wild grapes ripening in the woods; and wherever dead tree or rude stone wall afforded it a vantage ground, the silvery tangles of clematis wove a lovely garland, and tall masses of golden-rod and purple-fringed asters held up their clusters of dazzling bloom. And in the hop-fields merry voices echoed from morning until night.

Will Pendexter, walking up and down the aisles of silver-green leafage, with his hands behind his back, might have reminded one of Boaz in the ancient Scripture story—princely Boaz standing in his harvest-fields and giving a kind glance and pleasant word to everyone.

"Isn't he handsome?" said little Fannie Dix to Miss Morgan, the rector's daughter. Fanny was a pale little dressmaker, with an incipient cough, who had been recommended by her doctor to spend a fortnight in the hop-fields; and Miss Morgan, whose mother had died of consumption, picked hops every year on principle, just as Judge Marley's daughters visited Long Branch. "And all the handsomer since he has turned gray? I do wonder why he never married!"

"Don't you know?" said Miss Morgan, sagely.

"No."

"I can tell you then," said the rector's daughter, who dearly loved a morsel of genuine romance. "Because his first love jilted him."

"As if anyone would jilt Will Pendexter," said incredulous Fanny.

"Oh, but he wasn't Squire Pendexter then—all this happened twenty years ago," averred Miss Morgan, her flying fingers never leaving off among the clusters of pale-green hops. "That was before he inherited Pendexter farm. He was only a poor young farmer then, with his own living to make, and this was a beautiful girl who was spending the summer here. And they were engaged and all—and the very night before the wedding she ran away with an Italian, one Count Caprivi, who was singing on the New York stage."

Fanny drew a long breath.

"And what became of them?" said she.

"Oh, they went to Italy, where the count expected to succeed to large estates, and I suppose they are there now."

Fanny looked with secret awe at the ruddy face and magnificent height of Will Pendexter, as he sauntered down the green aisles of waving tendrils and tremulous leaves, and almost wondered to hear him ask Mahala Bentley about her baby, in the off-hand, ordinary language of everyday life, and give lame Billy Bartlett "good day," just as if there had been no Countess Caprivi in the world.

But Fanny Dix was but a girl yet; she did not know how twenty years will bridge over the darkest gulf in a human life. There is no scar that will not heal in twenty years—there is not a grave on which grass will not grow—aye, and daisies bloom, in twenty years.

"I don't know that we can take another hand, Simpson," said Squire Pendexter, meditatively. "The field is crowded already."

"What I thought, exactly, sir," said the overseer, respectfully. "But this 'ere is a pretty young slip of a girl, with a feeble mother dragging along on her arm. And a man doesn't like to say 'no,' to such! So I thought I'd just speak to you, before—"

"Where are they?" said the squire, rubbing the gold knob of his walking-cane against his nose; and Simpson knew that the case of the forlorn strangers was safe enough.

"Mother, don't fret; here comes the gentleman now," said a clear, soft-toned voice, and Squire Pendexter found himself looking into a pair of wistful, deep-blue orbs—orbs that belonged to a slight, beautiful girl, dressed in faded fabric and worn shoes, who was leaning against the well-curb. For while Simpson had been gone on his errand of inquiry, she had drawn a bucket of clear, cold water out of the sprinkling depths of the well and given her mother a drink out of the silver-bound gourd which always hung there.

"Sir," without a moment's hesitation, "might I have a job of work in your hop-fields? We have come from the city—mother and I—there's no living to be picked up there, and my mother is ailing, and we thought the smell of the hops might do her good. Please, sir, we'd work cheap, if only we might sleep in the barn and have a bit of something to eat between whiles!"

"I don't want you to work cheap!" said the squire, assuming an aspect of unwonted gruffness to cover the sympathetic thrill in his voice. "I never grudged money's worth for good, honest work. As for the barn, my housekeeper can put you in one of the vacant back chambers over the kitchen, and there's always enough to eat at Pendexter farm!"

"Pendexter farm!"

The woman who had been sitting on the mossy cattle trough slowly lifted her head here and pushed back her worn sunbonnet.

"Where are we, Isora? Whither have we come? I knew a man named Pendexter, once, who—"

"Yes," said the squire, who had given a little start at the first sound of that low, contralto voice. "It was I, Clara Caprivi! To think that fate should have brought us together again after all these years!"

The pale woman struggled to her feet and clutched at her daughter's slim, strong arm.

"Let us go, Isora," said she. "We—we have made a mistake. Give me my shawl. Quick! Let us go!"

"But, mother, why?" soothed the girl, who scarcely, as yet, comprehended all this by-play. "Don't you hear what the gentleman says? We can have work here and food and shelter! Mother, sit down again! You are trembling all over!"

"I tell you, child, you don't know!" said impatient Clara, possessed with a sort of wild, unreasoning terror. "We—we must go!"

"Clara," said the squire, he himself assuming the direction of affairs, "the child is right. Let by-gones be by-gones. You don't suppose I would turn you from my door?"

Clara looked into his face.

"Have you forgiven me, then?" said she.

"Forgiven you? Yes, years and years ago. Let us be friends again, Clara."

For his heart ached to see how pale and wan she was—how haggard were her cheeks and how like smoldering fires the light burned in her sunken eyes.

She told him all, that afternoon, while pretty Isora was stripping the clustered hops from the vines with a dozen girls as pretty and as blooming as herself; how her life had been an aimless wreck; how Carlo Caprivi had been no count after all, but a nameless pretender, with neither honesty nor honor; how he had left her, with the baby Isora on her hand, to shift as best she might for herself, and was killed in a gambling brawl; how she had struggled on for years, constantly feeling herself less able to wage unequal warfare with the world.

"Clara," said the squire, when she had finished, "why didn't you come to me?"

"Because I had wronged you so deeply," she faltered.

"You might have known I would have been kind, even to Caprivi's child. Well, it doesn't matter now. You are here, and you must stay here. Do you hear me, Clara? Must! Bless my heart! You'll grow stronger in these country breezes, and that pale girl of yours will get a color in her face."

So they stayed at the Pendexter farm, and beautiful Isora Caprivi grew fairer to look upon with every passing day.

"Clara," said the blunt squire one day, "that girl of yours is prettier than ever you were."

"I know it," said Mme. Caprivi.

And as she spoke the words, a pang of jealousy struck sharply through her heart. Yet, was it not natural enough that Squire Pendexter should take note of Isora's opening loveliness?

And in her room that night, Clara wrestled with her own heart, and conquered it.

"He will marry Isora," she told herself. "Isora is beautiful, and he is in the prime of life. It is as it should be. While I—I am only a wreck, waiting

"LET US BE FRIENDS AGAIN."

on the shores of time for the final billows to come and sweep her away. God bless his noble heart! God bless my sweet-souled girl! And God grant that they may be happy together for many, many long and happy years!"

The squire came to Mme. Caprivi the next day, with rather an embarrassed face.

"It is coming," thought Clara. "I knew it would."

"Clara," said he, "I've a question to ask you."

She held out her hand with a smile.

"Ask it, then, freely," said she, graciously.

"Should I be making a fool of myself if, at my age, I were to marry?"

"You would be doing the most proper and natural thing in the world," Clara answered, still smiling, although her heart seemed to stand still within her.

"Then, by Jove, I'll risk it!" said the squire, jubilantly. "Clara, will you have me? Shall we begin our disjointed lives over again, my girl?"

Mme. Caprivi grew pale, then red.

"Halloo!" said Squire Peindexter. "Have I spoken too abruptly? Have you—"

"No," said Clara, faintly. "But—but I thought it was Isora that you loved."

"Then you thought wrong," said the squire, briskly. "I have never loved any woman but you, Clara, and I never shall!"

So they were married quietly, and the autumn of life shines softly over them, as the veiled sunlight hangs its golden haze over the picked hop-fields of Pendexter farm.

And poor Clara is content at last.—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

—Kitchen Lady — "Wan moment. Does yer know how ter make an omelet?" Mrs. Billion (nonplussed)—"I—I think so; why?" Kitchen Lady—"Very well. Bring me wan not later as siven o'clock in the mornin', an' I guess me an' you'll be chums. Omelet's me favoreet, madam."—Housewife.

## BY PROXY.

**Polly and the Latest Addition to Her Vocabulary.**

"Mother," asked Polly, "what does to do a thing 'by proxy' mean?"

"To do it by employing another person to do it in your place."

"But that wouldn't be doing it myself," objected Polly.

"People consider it the same thing," said mother. "If I sent Arthur on an errand, and he asked Harold to go for him because his foot was lame—"

"Arthur hasn't got a lame foot," cried literal Polly.

"We must suppose he had, or that he had the toothache, perhaps, and so Harold went instead—"

"Harold doesn't like to do errands, either; he always makes mistakes," said Polly, thoughtfully. Polly had her suspicions of sudden attacks of lameness and toothache.

"Well, it doesn't matter. Perhaps he might hire Harold to go by giving him a piece of candy. If he did that, it would be the same as if he had done the errand himself. He would do it 'by proxy.' Do you understand, Polly?"

"Yes-um," answered Polly, as she started up-stairs.

"I've got all the candy Aunt Kittie gave me, said Polly to herself; "but Arthur hasn't any. Mother didn't know that."

She pulled open her bureau drawer to taste a bit of the candy. It looked very pink and tasted sweet.

"There's Isabella's dress right under it," exclaimed Polly. "I've been wondering where it could be."

She dragged poor Isabella Angelina by her leg from under the bureau, and proceeded to dress her.

"Polly!" suddenly came mother's voice.

"Yes-um."

"You must go to the store for me. Bridget is busy, and I want the fruit for my fruit cake."

Polly laid down Isabella Angelina with a sigh.

"I just hate errands as much as Harold does!"

Her eyes fell on the candy.

"Perhaps," murmured Polly, nodding her head.

She slipped the candy into her pocket and went down-stairs with a demure face.

"Yes-um, yes-um. Raisins, currants, citron and allspice. Why don't you say all spices, mother? It's correcter. There's Harold at the gate!"

She ran after him, and mother, busy with her cake, did not hear the little footsteps which presently pattered up-stairs again.

Harold brought in the grocer's parcels.

"How's this, my boy? It was Polly I sent to Mr. Slote's. You've brought me the wrong kind of raisins; these are very poor. No currants at all! Citron, and one, two, three packages of cloves, cinnamon and ginger; but no allspice!"

"Dear! dear!" groaned Harold. "It's always the way."

He pushed the pink candy further into his pocket. It wasn't nearly so sweet as it had been.

"Polly!" called mother.

"Yes'um!" said Polly's meek voice from behind the kitchen door.

"I sent you on this errand, Polly."

"Yes-um," lisped Polly again; "and I went, mother, just as you explained. I went 'by proxy'!"

Mother kept her face as straight as she could.

"Indeed, Polly; then what am I to do? Here are the wrong articles. If Harold had done the errand it would be his fault, but if it is you who have done so badly, you must be punished for your carelessness. You tell me you did the errand. What shall I do about it?"

Polly considered the situation.

"Well, I did do that errand, mother; I truly did. I did it 'by proxy.' I paid Harold a piece of candy to go for me."

Then a bright thought struck Polly.

"And don't you think, mother, that if I did your errand 'by proxy,' and you have to punish me for doing it wrong, you ought to punish me 'by proxy' too?"—Harper's Young People.

## HE DARED NOT RETURN HOME.

**Sad Fate of a Man Who Couldn't Remember All His Wife's Commissions.**

The old man who sat by the roadside coughed violently. He seemed to have one foot in the grave, yet he was a wanderer, ragged and forlorn.

A little boy stared in wonder at the strange, decrepit figure.

"Why don't you go home!" the child demanded.

The old man shuddered. Burying his face in his hands he moaned miserably.

"Don't cry."

The words of comfort from the tender lips wrung the grief-stricken heart.

"Boy——"

His voice trembled with age and bodily weakness.

—"I dare not go home."

"Don't dare!"

The youthful eyes grew big with astonishment.

"No, I don't dare."

There was a world of sadness in his tones.

"Twenty-seven years ago, boy, I left my home bright and early. My wife kissed me fondly—"

Tears sprang to his eyes and rolled unheeded down his cheeks.

—"and told me to get some thread, sugar, toweling, matches, a washboard, saleratus, needles, and—and—"

As he faltered, the look of agony in his face grew more intense.

—"and one other thing that I forgot and—never—could—recall. I have been an outcast ever since. I dare not go home."

Intently the boy watched the stooping figure until it hobbled laboriously from sight.—Detroit Tribune.

**Musical Item.**

Sweet Girl—Is it wicked to sing that song on Sundays?

Brother Jack—Yes, it is wicked to sing any day.

"Why?"

"Because it makes the people swear."—Texas Siftings.

## AN UNPLEASANT SHAVE.

**The Victim of a Superstitious Notion Relates a Story.**

"It was in the year 1847," said the raconteur, as he took the speaker's chair; "I was making a trip from Onslow to the village of Londonderry, N. S., on the north shore of the bay of Fundy. Before reaching my destination it became dark, the night setting in rainy, and the roads in such a state that the walking became very tiresome.

"The country here was sparingly settled, and the few inhabitants lived in log cabins of the most primitive kind. They were a course, but not vicious people, making their living by a rude kind of farming. Their farms consisted of a few acres of stump land upon which they raised meager crops of buckwheat, potatoes and turnips by grubbing around the stumps. Well, just as I was about to sink with fatigue I saw a dim light in the distance, and decided to ask shelter for the night at the first cabin I reached, which proved to be the one where I saw the light. I knocked at the door, which was closed and unfriendly looking, and was answered by a gruff voice with a single monosyllable, 'come!' I entered and found a number of men sitting around a rough deal table. Their hats were on and they looked at me with a singular expression that I could not define. I asked them if I could lodge there for the night.

"'Yes,' said one of the party, 'but you must come in an' stand your chance with the rest, mister.'

"I asked what that meant.

"'The men looked at each other then another one of the company spoke.

"'We are to draw cuts to see which one of us will have to shave a dead man.'

"I was prepared to hear that some dark crime was to be attempted, but this very unexpected proposition sent cold chills down my back, at the same time that I broke out in a profuse perspiration.

"I consented, however—what else could I do?—and then was told that one of their number had died that day, and it was the custom to shave the dead, and to draw cuts which decided the one who was to perform the disagreeable task. The mode of procedure was to cut straws in different lengths, and the duty fell to the one drawing the shortest straw.

"As luck would have it I drew the shortest straw!

"Well, I offered them everything I had to get out of it—money, my watch—but no, their superstition was stronger than their cupidity, and I was roughly told I must do the barber act with the best grace I could. They were determined to see me through.

"One handed me a bowl of water, another brought a bar of brown soap, and a black bottle with tallop dip in it furnished the light.

"The dead man was in a shed back of the cabin. I avoided looking at him as much as possible, and, with the razor in my hand and my knees knocking together, I performed my first and last tonsorial effort, and did the business much better than I expected to under the circumstances.

"But you can easily imagine that I did not close my eyes that night, and a horrible fear assailed me that he—the dead man—might need shaving again in the morning. So the moment it was light I rose from the rough bench on which I lodged, and by sunrise was many miles from the scene of an experience which I should never forget if I lived a hundred years."—Detroit Free Press.

**Cat Worship.**

In the middle ages animals formed as prominent a part in the worship of the time as they had done in the old religion of Egypt. The cat was a very important personage in religious festivals. At Aix, in Provence, on the festival of Corpus Christi, the finest tom cat of the country, wrapped in swaddling clothes like a child, was exhibited in a magnificent shrine to public admiration. Every knee was bent, every hand strewed flowers or poured incense, and Grimalkin was treated in all respects as the god of the day. But on the festival of St. John poor tom's fate was reversed. A number of the tabby tribe were put into a wicker basket and thrown alive into the midst of an immense fire kindled in the public square by the bishop and his clergy. Hymns and anthems were sung, and processions were made by the priests and people in honor of the sacrifice.—Liverpool Mercury.

**Trained Leaders in Prayer.**

It is regarded as a novelty nowadays if a woman is trained to lead prayers and conduct services in the churches, yet very often in the middle ages a Jewess was trained as a precentor or synagogue reader. A notable instance is preserved in the cemetery at Worms, where a tombstone dating from 1275 is sacred to the memory of Urania, who is mentioned as leading the women in prayer. It seems that the woman's synagogue in those days was separated by a thick wall from the men's, and, as it was impossible for the women under these circumstances to hear the regular cantor, Urania was one of a few who were trained for the office.—Chicago Post.

**A New Meaning.**

St. Louis Boy—What do folks mean when they advertise that they want a live boy to do things?

Chicago Boy—They mean they don't want a St. Louis boy, I s'pose.—Good News.

**Cause for Gratitude.**

"There goes young Hunker. Do you know, Maude, every time I see that man go by the house I feel overcome with gratitude to him."

"Gratitude! What for?"

"Forgoing by."—Brooklyn Life.

**Got Too Affectionate.**

Edith—Why did you dismiss Mr. Goodheart?

Blanch—Oh, he go so he'd rather sit at home and hold my hand than take me to the theater.—N. Y. Weekly.

## PITH AND POINT.

—Not one man in a dozen will tell the truth if you ask him why he wears a plug hat.—Ram's Horn.

—An Irish friend insists that the chief pleasure in kissing a pretty girl is when she won't let you.—Boston Transcript.

—Always credit a wise man with what he does not say, and charge the fool's words up to him.—Galveston News.

—In the Coming Day.—"Why doesn't Sander ever go to the polls?" "He has a standing pair-off with Mrs. Sander."—Chicago News-Record.

—The Usual Exception.—Whupper—"They are awfully new people. Everything they have is new." Snapper—"Except their manners."—Puck.

—One of the mysteries of humanity is the reluctance with which a man buys a woman's magazine for his wife, and the eagerness with which he reads it.

—The gossip who tells you a secret makes you promise not to tell it to any one else. He wants the exclusive privilege of telling it himself.—N. O. Picayune.

—"I'm afraid Johnny is going to the bad as fast as he can," said his mother. "Is he?" replied the neighbor. "Why don't you get him employment as a messenger boy."—Washington Star.

—Perhaps it is just as well that women, as a rule, aren't business-like. If they were they would see oftener than they do what bad bargains they make perennially when they marry men.—Somerville Journal.

—At the Dime Museum.—Lady visitor—"Did it hurt you very much when they stuck the needle in you?" Tattooed man—"No, ma'am. I don't mind it. I come from the state of New Jersey."—N. Y. Herald.

—"I thought you said your boy's nurse was a colored girl, Mrs. Hicks," said the visitor. "I saw her to-day, and she's white." "Oh, well, she looks white," said Mrs. Hicks, "but in reality she's very green."—Harper's Bazar.

—Subject to Duty.—Mrs. Gummey—"I learn that the customs officer wanted to collect duty on Miss Flypp on her return from Europe." Mrs. Gargoyle—"Gracious! What for?" Mrs. Gummey—"He said her complexion was a work of art."—Detroit Free Press.

—The Present Good Enough.—Young Physician (to old preceptor)—"Doctor, I fear my patient is going to die. I want you to suggest some change in the treatment." Old Doctor—"Has he any money?" "No." "Then go ahead with the present treatment!"—Yankee Blade.

—A Rap on the Knuckles—Herr A—— (at a large party to B——, who had treated him disrespectfully): "Sir, I propose to lend you for a week a book on the manners and customs of polite society!" Herr B—— "Very pleased, I'm sure; but can you really spare it that length of time?"—Fliegende Blatter.

—Indigent and Seedy Man (to severe-looking elderly lady)—"Please, mum, would you be kind enough to give assistance to a poor man just out of the hospital?" Elderly Lady (sniffing the air)—"Go, 'way, you bad man. You smell so strong from rum! I can fairly taste it." "You kin, mum?" "Yes, I can." "I wish I had your smeller, mum."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

## A RICH CAT.

**Pussy Remembered in the Will of Its Late Mistress.**

There is in Paris a cat which, if the courts hold the will of Madame Dubrai, a lady of moderate fortune recently deceased, to be valid, will soon be in receipt of an independent income.

This lady, dying without relations or friends, desired to leave a suitable provision for two objects: the maintenance of her tomb in good order, and the comfort of her pet cat, Bis. For the surer accomplishment of these two objects she combined with them a third, a bequest to the public schools of a certain ward in Paris, which are to receive the remainder of her fortune, after the expenditure of two hundred francs—about forty dollars—annually for the cat's board during its natural life, and also of whatever further sum may be required to care properly for her own tomb.

This eccentric will provides further that Monsieur Bis, "having been accustomed to little indulgences," shall miss nothing to which he has become habituated.

It specifies that he is to sleep in a basket lined with soft flannel, and is to be presented daily with two good meals of milk and meat served in the Sevres saucer from which he has always been fed.

He is to be kindly and considerately treated, and his fur is to receive a careful cleaning and combing once a week, and a blue ribbon is to be tied around his neck every Sunday morning.

Monsieur Bis, who is at present decidedly the most famous cat in France, is a large and exceedingly handsome white Angora, with long fluffy fur and great yellow-brown eyes, looking like twin topazes laid in cotton wool.

It seems cruel to reckon the years of this superb beast from a mercenary point of view, but that is what the representatives of the schools interested in Mme. Dubrai's will have already begun to do.

The life of a cat is about twelve years. Monsieur Bis is still in the heyday of youth, and the question is: Will it be worth while to accept the moderate legacy of his late mistress, burdened for ten or twelve years with forty dollars annually for Monsier Bis?

Moreover, so many people have offered to board him at this rate of payment that there is a fear that should he die another white cat might be substituted, and so the annuity be extended indefinitely.

Altogether the prospect of the feline heir securing his inheritance without opposition is doubtful; but rich or poor, there is no doubt of a good home being found for a cat of such distinguished manners, fine personal appearance, and extensive reputation.—Youth's Companion.

## IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

### SPEAKING IN PUBLIC.

**The Great Difference Between Womanliness and Sentimentality.**

There is among women of a certain temperament a confusion of ideas as to womanliness and sentimentality. They seem to be under the impression that real womanliness indulges publicly in lavish use of terms of endearment, and in that outward display of affection which the world will always regard coldly or sneeringly. Those qualities which radically distinguish women from men are qualities of character, of minds, of soul. They are matters of inheritance, very frequently, and in any event are traits improved by cultivation, by self-control, and by the unceasing vigilance and discipline of life. Affection, with its tender manifestations, its own peculiar vernacular, is something so sacred that it should be forever guarded from the eyes of the scoffing and censorious multitude. It is no more intended for the platform, for the routine of the public meeting, for interpolation in the minutes of the session of a convention, than the silks and jewels of festal array are meant to be dragged through the dust of the highways, worn in the ordinary avocctions and in the garish light of noon. The private individual and the public official are two separate and distinct individuals. The woman who stands upon the platform, or who speaks from the floor of a convention, is the representative of a principle or an idea, and she is nothing more. It is of paramount importance to her audience and to the presiding officer that her enunciation should be distinct; that her views should be strongly, clearly and concisely presented; that her rhetoric and her grammar should attain the highest standard of established usage. But her private idiosyncracies, her physical infirmities, her tending to emotion or hysteria, bear no rightful place or consideration in any phase of the proceedings of a deliberative body. It is not worth while to resort to spectacular effects or melodramatic methods for the purpose of emphasizing and making apparent distinctions of sex. No well-bred, well-dressed woman who speaks and conducts herself with dignity and modesty will ever be mistaken for other than she is.

What the average woman most needs in her public capacity is composure and dignity. However amiable and affectionate it may seem between friends and kindred, "my dear" is not a proper appellation to use in a convention or in a mass-meeting. Nothing is gained by it in any way, and it undeniably gives an expression of weakness and inefficiency.

Where a convention is in session for days together, where all the business is transacted intelligently and methodically, where there is displayed profound knowledge of parliamentary law, and where the debate is all that it should be, sentimentalizing rings like a false note, out of keeping and out of harmony with all that is admirable and praiseworthy. This small bit of censure will be permitted, for, in view of the rapid advance that has been made by women in their ability to consider public questions and transact public business, there is no doubt that this slight fault will be amended, and that degree of perfection attained which can be reached with no loss of kindliness or friendship.

There are many things which women do not approve in men, as there are doubtless many faults in the moral and mental composition of women which are distasteful to men.

The violence and abusiveness, the lack of dignity, and even those personal differences which are emphasized with blows it would be painful to see introduced into an assemblage of women. Nevertheless there is no reason why the other extreme of excessive amiability should be aimed at, with the caressing and petting that have their proper and only place within the four walls and the strict seclusion of home. It is a far cry from the masculine turbulence of a political primary to the excessive sweetness of the too "womanly" convention, but there lies between the two a golden mean, where courtesy and refinement and unceasing regard for the feelings of others are perfectly compatible with official dignity and refreshing good sense.

Women have two pernicious, preconceived ideas against which they must contend; one is that extreme where they have been idealized by poets and romance writers into something akin to the divine, the other is the misrepresentation which stamps every woman who crosses the threshold of her house as a bold, unsexed creature, at war with the unalterable conditions of nature and of society. One is as false as the other. The woman who wields the gavel or addresses Madam President is not apt to be either an angel or a termagant. She has very probably, on the other hand, only just temporarily laid aside her thimble, and after attending to the wants of her family has given herself a little refreshing whiff of the air of the outside world. She is in one capacity no less womanly than in the other. In both alike she retains her virtues and her faults, seeking constantly to strengthen the one and overcome the other. It will be borne in mind that it is not the real mothers who must keep in the drawing-room the forever unfinished bit of an infant's wardrobe, whereby to advertise the capacity of her maternity. That sort of humbug is left to women of the stamp discussed and made typical by the pen of Thackeray.

There is, to go back a little, a very great deal that we may learn of men with profit, and one is, when they choose to exercise it, professional and official dignity. It is of immense advantage, giving weight to opinions and soberness to judgment. There is no reason, really, why women should conduct their public meetings and gauge their behavior in public by any lower standard.—Inter Ocean.

It is stated that about 1,000 women work in the Pittsburgh iron mills, making bolts, nuts, hinges, and barbed wires.

## BRAINS VERSUS BEAUTY.

**Women Noted for Intellectual Power Who Are Hopelessly Plain.**

One of the puzzling things difficult of solution in life is the persistency of divorce between brains and beauty. While it by no means follows that a homely woman is always brainy or a pretty one invariably devoid of intelligence, still it is true that of all women noted for powerful intellect few have been otherwise than hopelessly plain. Mme. De Stael, the intellectual prodigy of her day, before whose wit even the great Napoleon quailed, and of whom he said, "She has shafts that would hit a man if he were seated on a rainbow," was totally without feminine grace save only the charm of a low melodious voice. One famous word portrait describes her as a "priestess of Appollo, with dark eyes illumined by genius and marked features expressive of a destiny superior to that of most women," which is, of course, only an ornamental way of saying that she was not fair.

George Eliot's biographers seldom attempt personal description, and shirk the issue by saying that she had "large, massive, homely features," which were at rare intervals softened by a smile of great beauty. Her head was colossal and masculine, her hair coarse, brown and bushy, her brow high and full, but her body was frail and delicate. And this powerful woman, whose writings have influenced all modern thought, was given over to the woman's weakness of shedding tears incessantly. It is hard to reconcile the fact with her other characteristics, and it, like her second marriage, are things her admirers like to forget.

Lady Mary Montague, she of the exquisite letters, was a most untidy and slovenly woman, with a face hideously scarred by small-pox, and distressingly homely. She said herself that the only reason she was glad she was a woman was because she would never have to marry one.

Margaret Fuller was quite the reverse of pretty, save for her graceful carriage, though her admirers were given to rapsodizing about her neck with its swan-like curves. An interesting fact about literary women and one pleasing, no doubt, to brunettes is this, that almost all intellectual stars of feminine lore were dark in type.—N. Y. Sun.

**Entertaining Without Guests.**

Some time ago a woman who had enlivened her circle of acquaintances in the east with noticeable gifts of conversation and appreciation, a real lover of good folks, good manners and good talk, went to the Pacific coast with her husband, who was a missionary there. Their one boy was not allowed to play freely with the children of the rough people among whom they worked, and often the mother and boy were left weeks alone, while the father was off on preaching tours. A favorite way of breaking the monotony on the mother's part was to celebrate anniversaries by inviting guests who couldn't come, and holding imaginary conversations at the table, describing the looks and characteristics of the mythical assembly, all of which mightily pleased the small boy, and one night, after his usual prayer, he added: "Oh, Lord, bless all my friends all 'round this world and tell 'em if they'll be good somebody'll come and see 'em—I'll come and see 'em myself. Amen." A bit of unconscious pathos that ought to touch everyone with a social heart.—N. Y. Times.

**A Remarkable French Woman.**

The marquise de Blocqueville, who died a few days ago in Paris, was formerly one of the most beautiful women of her time, and, like most French beauties, had considerable political influence. The marquise was the youngest daughter of Marshal Devoust, Prince d'Eckmuehl, duke of Auerstaedt. Two of her sisters, also famous for their good looks, married respectively the duke of Cambaceres and Count Vigier. The marquise was a great favorite at the court of Louis Philippe and was the intimate friend of Queen Amelia and the duchess of Orleans. In early womanhood her features were of the perfect Greek type, her eyes and hair a brilliant black. Enthusiastic writers of Louis Philippe's day described her figure as divine, and her gait and carriage as those of a goddess. She was a handsome woman at the time of her death.

## FAIR WOMEN AT WORK.

In Bohemia there are 160 societies and clubs which have for their object the advancement of the cause of women. A great deal is done in this way to procure for the women of Bohemia better employment and greater independence.

There are to-day more than 200,000 women in the United States earning a living by professional and personal labor in the shops, in the practice of law and medicine, the teaching of music and art, literature and science, and in clerical work of different kinds in government and other official places.

Newark, N. J., has a woman manufacturer of umbrellas and parasols. She learned the trade because it was her father's business and she liked it better than teaching or sewing. She is a shrewd business woman, and notwithstanding the competition with big stores and the misfortune of having been twice burned out, has a fairly prosperous business.

Miss Lily E. Benn has for the past three years lived in the east end of London, and has interested herself greatly in the welfare of the children and young girls in that quarter. Perhaps her best work has been in her sewing-classes, where she teaches girls from nine to fourteen to cut and make the garments for which their instructor provides the material.

Among the Sierras there is a woman stage driver, Mrs. H. J. Langdon, who owns a line that extends several hundred miles through the mountains. She can manage a four or six in hand as skillfully as any man, and she employs scores of horses and vehicles, and carries the United States mail as well as merchandise and passengers. She conducts two or three other branches of business as well as her stage line.